

- 
- 01 THE WONDERS AT YOUR FEET
 - 02 NOT BUILT TO LAST
 - 03 INDIFFERENT SUNS
 - 04 FEAST OF BURDEN
 - 05 HAVEN
 - 06 THE SAME
 - 07 FABRIC
 - 08 EGO DRAMA
 - 09 RUNDOWN
 - 10 EMPTIER STILL
 - 11 AT LOSS FOR WORDS
 - 12 IN SIGHT*
 - 13 MISERY IN ME*
 - 14 CORNERED*
 - 15 THE WONDERS AT YOUR FEET (LIVE)**

* TAKEN FROM "EXPOSURES - IN RETROSPECT AND DENIAL"

** TAKEN FROM THE "WHERE DEATH IS MOST ALIVE" DVD (SEP. 2009)



dark tranquillity

:::haven

INVITE THE DARKSIDE IN

Coming out of the studio after recording “Projector”, DT still nourished an ambition to keep at the experimental path. They knew they had taken a big step in a different direction than before and were, strengthened by what it had become, ready to take on new challenges. It was time to stir the pot – new record label, new found management and new band members.

Michael Nicklasson joined on bass as a result of Martin switching to guitar. It can be argued that Martin always was a guitar player, even while on bass. Keyboards were always present up until then, even if ever so slightly, but now they were to play a more integral part. I was recruited by Stanne while both wobbling intoxicatedly in a local metal club, Belsepub. Honestly, the next day I was not sure what I had agreed upon.

The switch to Century Media brought a lengthy delay to the release of “Projector”. Mostly because our manager at the time used to negotiate by keeping the other party in a headlock until a satisfactory contract was delivered. As a result we had already started to write Haven in the fall of '98 – before “Projector” was even out in the stores. The first rough sketches for “Haven” was a lot more laid back and intimate but definitely lacking some teeth. It was a totally new situation for me and Nicklasson, and the new collaboration also brought a new creative environment for the original band members. Consequently, it took us a while to iron out what “Haven” and also we as a band were to be.

In June '99 we had our first show to showcase “Projector” and the new lineup in a small rock club in Göteborg. I remember it felt like walking into a fist fight with the physical prowess of a Jolt Cola drink-programmer. Sick to my stomach. Just a few shows after that we made our first trip to Japan.

“The Gallery” was one of the highest rated albums in the Japanese magazine Burrrn! ever. Naturally the Japanese audience was pumped. We made a class example on how to destroy a show and risk a career. Confuse the audience by not playing the songs they came for and present them with weird unfinished material. The set got lamer by the song. After we played “Auctioned” Mikael proclaimed it was time to cool things down for a bit. “Auctioned” is a beautiful song but I can not imagine any D.T. audience wanting to cool down after it. Enter “Haven” and an extremely watered down “Misery in me”. Note that in the end “Misery in me” even in its final form did not make it to the full length album. Have you ever seen a crowd of people go from complete ecstasy via total confusion to polite disappointment? We have.

It was a good wake up call – probably even a blessing. We got to try out the new direction while not putting anything permanent on paper. One could say we were scared straight. But in retrospect we really needed to stray that far with the material to realize the full potential of the new band and to pinpoint our collective ambitions.

Once we got back, we put in huge amounts of time reworking the material. Many of the songs were still the same but we had a much clearer idea of what to make of them. This is probably the period that most molded modern D.T. to what it is today. Obviously we are always considering and taking new paths, but we have never scrutinized ourselves to that extent again.

Our Japanese distributor informed us via our management: “The Japanese audience is very disappointed. We will not release the next Dark Tranquillity album in Japan.” Harsh and to the point, but who could blame them? Though this was discouraging news, it did not play an active part in us sorting out the material. It was just a natural consequence of the risk taking you should endure as a band. We could see where they were coming from. We were there!

In March 2000 we entered Studio Fredman. The hard work rewriting the material had paid off and we were excited to put the songs on tape. “Haven” is a straightforward album, we made no effort to complicate the emotions. Much like wearing your heart on your sleeve. In my mind “Haven” was equally important as “Projector” in stretching the bow and shooting our arrow into the future. Without “Haven”, we would not have paved the way for songs like “Single part of two” from “Damage done”, “One thought” from “Character” or “Misery’s Crown” in “Fiction”. Without “Haven”, me personally probably would not have found my creative role in the band as it is today.

Luckily “Haven” ended up selling enough on import in Japan for the distributor to give us another shot and releasing it officially. A much welcomed chance for us to redeem ourselves in the far east. We got to return the next year and have been back many times since then. Thank you.

So let us give this antique another spin and this time around also visit “Misery in me”, “In sight” and “Cornered”, that did not make it last time around. Crank it up!

Martin Brändström

April 2009

THE WONDERS AT YOUR FEET

music: brändstrom, jivarp, henriksson

deeper shades of red descending
smear our names, the stains unending
turn forgiveness, break the lens distorted
crush the infidel and turn about
famine in our hearts, bring up the silence louder
eradicate the lungs and take us higher

these are the wonders at your feet

weighed upon a wider scale
afraid to see what takes us down
sing destruction, sing of unfulfillment
search abandoned, let the blood be fevered
ridden of the self provided things get easier
ignite our minds and let's burn brighter

NOT BUILT TO LAST

music: jivarp, henriksson, brändstrom

what came as no surprise
to a jaded mind no less
insight comes to soothing grace
left to waiting days
another chord unstrummed

our secret's safe and sound
solid now unless it breaks in two
faithfully unbound
none of this was ever built to last

in the paleness of a less than life
from a corner watching old paint dry

never once a break
into the self again
an endeavour that will flat our fail
what maturity comes to end
never one to face
another beat undone

our secret's safe and sound
solid now unless it breaks in two
faithfully unbound
none of this was ever built to last

once again
another instant saved today
left a print that leads nowhere
never built to last
what makes it work
a part of life that makes the weak hearts grow
take it in if you're willing to say
willing to do
prepared to lay it down
just know this:
it was never built to last

INDIFFERENT SUNS

music: nicklasson, henriksson

and although it can be argued
whether time will ever come to end
there is an overcoming sense of failing
if you never can see the end
in the giving of our hope eternal
we stumble blindly and forget the way
is there ever time for answers
when the world comes tumbling down



all along we keep staring at the sun
closing our minds, saying we're the ones
all along we keep staring at the sun
blind to see it when the day will come

and even if in days of wonders
a glance that may stray from the fold
cast aside in the spirit of ignorance
a mere nuisance when it's time to pay
come undone now the strive and the passion
giving under to the forces that be
can you even think of questions
when the world comes tumbling down
we shut our eyes and turn away

FEAST OF BURDEN

music: henriksson, jivarp

scars torn open
bondage slave
eating my wrists

a thrust that numbs the pain
secondary now the instinct
thrust beyond control
chaotic are the tracks before me
barren are the ones behind
carried in a cage controlling

driven on, driven in
headlong onto the breach
driven on, driven in
taken to the extreme
headlong onto the breach
pumping fast

the race is on
furious in striving
the feast of burden begins

the enslaving force
thrown ahead
unrelenting

faithfully holding fast
steaming ahead unknowing
careless again it seems
oblivious to the pressure
the feast of burden begins

HAVEN

music: jivarp, henriksson

now as the lights go down
deeper now it seems
than long before
there are no noises here
just a silence gone bad
something i will never hide
this urging need to

invite the darkside in
into my haven

if there were words for this
would i sing
or would i scream?
i'd give my blood to stay
my blood just to stay right here
something can never share
this urging need to



THE SAME

music: brändstrom, jivarp, henriksson

what we always fear and loathe
becomes of us
repay the visit of our loss
reset the marks again
the turning point
seems to be holding on

sands of ages and the stars above
everchanging as the same hearts beat
repeating 'til the end
seas of slander and the soil we walk
everchanging as the same hearts beat
it ends up all the same

the sail that never knew the wind
barren and lost
our wrecks these shores will never reach
a trek on darker trails
let days be done
it takes forever

FABRIC

music: brändstrom

scattered throughout now
indefinite form
willed to find strangers
in the wickedest state
when it comes upon you my friend
fear not – it makes us men
hidden within ourselves now
lured into hiding out of sight

creation in purity
we don't need no host

suck it in
it waits for no one
take it down
the coming of descent

fiery changeling
reddened and frail
perspire to save it
the remnant of this game
if it launches again today
will our lives begin again
turning away from tides of lust
stronger return against all odds

raised to take stand
to separate grace
shown in the wake
of new light
seeing it will break
the flavour of acquired taste
another boundary yet to face
witness the revolution
the fabric of essence
come again

EGO DRAMA

music: jivarp, henriksson

wrestled on its back
the ego showed his face
charged up, receiving
came out knowing

hopeless intrusion
where nothing can be found
strewn, the seeds were wasted
on the innocent in awe
fruitless connection
in the ripeness of his age
drawn and thrust in anger
the dagger once again will fail

it's over
if nothing comes along
it's over for you

so in denial stand where shame is not
and unto others fall
the blame, the guilt
the others fault

come on now
scratch and claw with all your strength
take on the wildest bull in the horde
come burn them fingers fast
and take back what they owe
return the safety where there was none...

RUNDOWN

music: henriksson, jivarp

cowardice, this chain of events
gather and plot
the ensnaring of me (ensnaring)
gone now the sense of lust
is there a cost for the reckless excess?
taken in the growth and trust
retaliatory strike at the weakest spot

raked away the remains of my fall
that laid scattered cross plains of regret
humble in defence of the wicked
run down, naked and blind

merciless, the onslaught of demands
get in line for the numbing
i won't make a stand

redeemer of the slavery
reconcile with the carefree and content
ensnarer, caretaker
lead not these the frail into battle again
crossing out the ramblings of others
tired of the same old refrain
knowing this will all be corrected
torn down, wasted and lost

i can't take it anymore
'cause i am rundown
can't take it anymore
'cause this is wrong
tired and rundown

spat it out
the foolish lines you fed
it holds a place
in the civilized mind
forcefed
the turn of our venturesome quest
being rundown as we seek

the day this was lost
all that you see
all that'll be
rundown

EMPTIER STILL

music: henriksson

secrets in here
claim no belonging
together again
or send me to madness
i know that i should have listened
was given a choice
i turned down forever

so tell me are you lonely

emptier still
as time takes us farther
away from the goals
by which we are measured
i know that i should have stayed true
to you and to me
but time never heals
so here alone i stand

so tell me are you lonely
tell me are you mine

i see you standing there
your face against the wall
so turn right around
i who know your deepest fear
and yet you walk away
so turn right around

so tell me are you lonely
tell me are you mine

don't speak for you are me

AT LOSS FOR WORDS

music: jivarp, henriksson

waiting for the signs to bring
the first to sing
felt inbetween these fears
set to unknown tunes
so tempt these fragile fiends
a grace gone dark
you'll never know, never feel
never taste the depths of your defeat

break into the hearts and minds of man
never one to tell
sucking on a lie that never ends
i'm at loss for words

locking on to faith gone bad
sweet touch of sin
not in the sleight of hand
can facts be lost
never understate your case
deny our weight
there never is
there never was
there can never be
a break from binding chains

IN SIGHT

music: stanne, jivarp, henriksson

we are to be something here again
to play soldiers now, pretend
born inside these endless halls of shame
jaded by the error-ways of man



it doesn't make us strong
the things that i find stranger here
will not let us in
show me, i won't tell
and even if i go today
i won't understand

we are to be something we are not
to repeat our faults my friend
taken down from sanity's lonely heights
shown the downward spiral ways of man

it doesn't make us strong
the things that i find stranger here
will not let us in
no, they will not let us in
show me, i won't tell
'cause even if i die today
i won't understand

MISERY IN ME

music: stanne, jivarp, sundin, henriksson

we no longer support ourselves
we live through each others tears
we no longer caress
no longer take hold
til this will be over again
the dream is over when all this begins
the past not part of the deal
the failing words i once said to you
you turned and walked out the door

gone over
i said it's fine

you burn them bridges
and you turn around

can't you see the misery is me?
don't you know the fear i feel inside?
the misery in me

we no longer sustain ourselves
we live through each other's wounds
let's no longer detain
no longer suppress
pretend to be something we're not
the world is over when all is the same
a companion always there
but you have deceived
when all this is gone
you took back what you already had

we no longer care if it breaks
it falls on belated pride
we keep on heading inwards
so this might be our only chance
to turn it around

CORNERED

music: henriksson, brändström

there never was a night like this
how could there ever be
through sweat and velvet misery
the fever race in me

cornered in a symmetrical design
sphere-like chrome on a sea enraged
hatred



what the mirror sees
is the clutching at straws
taking us under
the storm of the ocean
this velvety crush
ringcorners, firm in the outrage
synaptic patterns
waves contort
break into these cellular walls

globes of disease
infest my dreams
burning the ends of my veins
pattern and form
the squares cling fast
dance the tide now

could never bare another night
although i know it'll come
the freezing ends of what is me
the icing rages free

take hold of the boundaries
on this the perimeter sea
burn, enflame the oppressor
and if four was one
in a corner alone
recovering, licking the wounds
delerium coming
the weakness kicks in
reforming, cornered within

CREDITS

music and arrangements by DARK TRANQUILLITY
lyrics by MIKAEL STANNE.

HAVEN was recorded at studio fredman march – april 2000
produced by FREDRIK NORDSTRÖM and DARK TRANQUILLITY
engineered by FREDRIK NORDSTRÖM and ANDERS FRIDÉN
mastered by GÖRAN FINNBERG at THE MASTERING ROOM
remastered by ULF HORBELT at DMS.

keyboard pre-production on track 10 at GROUND ZERO
creative assistance on the keyboards on track 1 by CHRISTER LUNDBERG

Art direction & design by CABIN FEVER MEDIA
Group photo by KENNETH JOHANSSON

THE BAND

MIKAEL STANNE – voice
NIKLAS SUNDIN – guitars
MARTIN HENRIKSSON – guitars
MICHAEL NICKLASSON – bass
MARTIN BRÄNDSTRÖM – electronics
ANDERS JIVARP – drums

www.darktranquillity.com
www.myspace.com/dtoofficial

...